

PS

3543

I33N4

1915





Class PS3543

Book I33 N4

Copyright N^o 1915

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



NEW RUBAIYAT
FROM A
SOUTHERN GARDEN

NEW RUBAIYAT
FROM A
SOUTHERN GARDEN

BY
GEORGE FREDERIC VIETT

*What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men.*

—Milton.

New York
STURGIS & WALTON
COMPANY
1915

PS 3543
I 33 NA
1915

Copyright, 1914,
By GEORGE FREDERIC VIETT

Copyright, 1915,
By STURGIS & WALTON COMPANY

First Published elsewhere. Second Edition revised and augmented.
Set up and electrotyped. Published, November, 1915.

21

#075

DEC 13 1915

©CL.A416820

01714
1382-23.13

*Dedicated to
The Saintly Sisterhood
Faith, Mercy, and Peace,
In Solemn Protest Against
War and Its Horrors
Now Desolating the Ancient
Places of Civilization
and Christianity*

A. D. MCMXV

*“ Haply I think on Thee,—and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising
(From sullen Earth) sings hymns at Heaven’s gate.
— Shakespeare.*

*A theme which will be deliberated by the loftiest
minds, ages after you and I, like streaks of morning
cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of
the past.*

— Prof. John Tyndall.

*A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured.
Each branch of piety delight inspires.
— Young.*

*It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well! —
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
— Addison.*

NEW RUBAIYAT
FROM A
SOUTHERN GARDEN

*Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for
ever?*

Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?

THIS is a miracle, and THAT no more.

— Young.

*Who knows but life be that which men call
death, and death what men call life.*

— Euripides.

*O canst thou, my Soul, from the store of thy
learning*

Bring counsel to hallow the hopes of the heart?

— Viëtt.

NEW RUBAIYAT
FROM A SOUTHERN GARDEN

I

Hail — Saintly Muse! Awake thine Heav-
enly Choir,

Illume my Soul with thy Divinelier Fire!

Prompt thou a Passion that may urge the
strength
Of Pilgrims searching for the Heart's Desire.

II

Man and his Destiny — O theme Sublime
For one that views the Pageantry of Time!

Its passion and its pathos and its pride,—
I crave a Seraph's plume to pen my Rhyme!

I

New Rubaiyat From

III

Awake O Soul that seeks a holier Light
Than drives the Stars from off the Field of
Night!

Behold the Rising of the Sun of Faith —
The hosts of Darkness and of Doubt to
smite!

IV

Come fill the bowl at this reviving Stream,
For Life is brief, and Youth's enchanting
dream

Is but the Phantom of a Glory lost
Adown that Vista where the shadows teem.

V

Amid the Babble and the Noise outside,
Methought a Voice above the uproar cried —
“Come to the Temple where the True
God hears
The pleading Soul, and throws the Portals
wide.”

VI

And as the Sun rose some that stood within
The Shadow, shouted —“ Tell us not of
Sin,
Life is too brief to waste in Litanies,
Let us fare forth our Wine and Joy to win.”

VII

Before the shadows of the last were sped,
Another Voice from out the Silence said —
“ I still remain, my name is Blasphemy,
I will abide though all the rest be fled! ”

VIII

But better Voices drowned the hateful
sound —
“ At least You shall not stay on Holy ground,
Brief is your time to curse the pleasant
Earth,
And in this Temple you shall not be found! ”

IX

Far from the noisy Crowd let us retire
To warm our Hearts by Spring's enchanting
Fire;
Bring thou old Khayyam's Verse, and let
us seek
With him, the Pathway to the Heart's Desire.

X

For we be Seekers after Truth and Light,
And 'ere the Shadows fall to dim our sight,
We must determine on the Way and Guide
For that last Journey through the Vale of
Night.

XI

For this we know, that Life, so dear and
sweet
Ends — with thy Love in yonder lone retreat.
Man and his moil, his laughter and his
tears,
Are as the hollow sounds of Phantom feet —

A Southern Garden=====

XII

That patter through the crumbling Halls of
Time,
Where the loud Horologe sounds its warning
chime
And strikes the Hour of Doom, to bid the
Guests
Fare forth into the bleak Night's alien Clime.

XIII

Here then amid the Songster's caroling,
Where blushing Roses rarest incense fling,
Come thou to worship, and let Sorrow
learn
The infinite Compassion of the Spring.

XIV

For Spring has come: the light of Golden
days
Is mellow on bright fields and woodland
ways;

And all the World is Beauty newly born,
And every living Thing hymns forth its
Praise.

XV

The Garden's glory glows to Heav'n again,
For gentle floods of Sunshine and of Rain
Have lured the Rose its blushing folds to
spread,
While joyous Songsters sing their love re-
frain.

XVI

You cry,—“ It nought avails that Spring is
sweet,
My Love lies buried here beneath our feet,
My heart lies with her in the silent Dust,
Canst thou recall Her from that lone re-
treat? ”

XVII

“ Erstwhile we roamed amid these joyous
Flowers,
No thought of Grief had we, the Golden
Hours
Sped on, for Life and Love were by my
side;
Canst thou recall Them to these haunted bow-
ers! ”

XVIII

“ The Birds lament, their song is full of pain,
They seem to cry — Will She not come
again?
Is this gulf Death so fathomless and wide
That thou thy Love may nevermore regain! ”

XIX

And so thou canst not in the fire of Spring
The desolation of thy sad Heart fling!

Yet May — rose-garlanded — cries out
“ Behold,
Not leaden Death, but golden Life a-wing! ”

XX

I sing the Resurrection, and my Prayer
Is answered by the green Earth everywhere;
Decay and Death! These are but other
names
For Change; behold It in this Garden fair!

XXI

See! even Here thy Love is glorified,
Dost thou not see Death and the Grave de-
nied?

This very Rose that smiles above her Clay
Is part of Her, for Lo —’tis Eastertide!

A Southern Garden=====

XXII

So let her rest beneath the rose's reign
" Among the guests star-scattered " on the
plain;
Her dreaming Dust awakens with each
Rose
And joys to glimpse the glad sweet World
again.

XXIII

A Resurrection! Aye, ye Cynical!
The simple Sun hath wrought this Miracle,
That starry Parent of the Earth — he
knows
The magic touch Life's golden Cup to fill!

New Rubaiyat From

XXIV

Come now with Khayyam's Book and let us
scan

Its sad perplexities of Plot and Plan,
The Why and What, the Whence and
Where of Life
That thwart and fret the searching Soul of
Man.

XXV

Beware this Persian rhyme! And here confess

We pore the Page but for its loveliness,
Holding our Faith despite the siren chant
That lures to Doubt with Melody's caress.

XXVI

Enmeshed in measures of enchanted Song,
The dazzling numbers lead thy Soul along
The paths of Pleasure and the ways of
Doubt,
But nowhere minds thee of the Right or
Wrong.

XXVII

And Reason reels into the artful Snare,
And Hope and Faith are tangled unaware
Amid the spell of Passion's plaints — that
seem
Like Angel anthems raised in Holy prayer.

XXVIII

So was I led, my better Self to grieve,
By Sophistries the Heart would fain believe,
But soon my Soul returned a Penitent
And cried to Heaven — pleading — for re-
prieve.

XXIX

I sought for Pleasure and I found but Dust!
I reached Ambition and it was but Dust!
I saw that Glory and the World's acclaim
Were nought but Bubbles lighting on the
Dust!

XXX

When then his luring Lines you pensive read,
Beware the Spell that would thy foot-steps
 lead
Adown the paths unblest of Faith and
 Hope!
Take them but for their Beauty — not their
 Creed.

XXXI

Let Faith unshaken bear the searching test;
There is no balm in Omar for the breast
Where Life burns low. When Death's
dark ensigns pall
The Creed of Passion is but sorry Jest.

XX XII

Yet this, old Poet, I will grant to thee —
That thou hast sung Fate's sweetest litany,
And on the brow of Love hath pressed a wreath
Of Roses rich to rarest Melody.

A Southern Garden=====

XXXIII

No more confounded with thy Sophistry
I yield my raptured heart and ear to thee,
And tread the mazes of thy Garden fair
Mid crimson Roses lost in ecstasy.

XXXIV

When wearied of the raucous noisy crew
Of Scribes and Rhymesters that obstruct the
View,
I turn disdainful of their insolence
To soothe my Spirit with thy Music true.

XXXV

Wherefore, sweet Singer, at thy Shrine I
bend,
And to the music of thy Song ascend
Above the din of voices violent
That fret my Spirit and my ears offend.

XXXVI

On Beauty's brow thou hast a Garland bound,
And Love by thee a Deity is crowned

To haunting melodies that move the soul
Of Sympathy, with concord of sweet sound.

XXXVII

Thus oft' an halcyon hour I've spent with
Thee

Wrapt in the Spell, lost in the Mystery
Of Life and Death, and all the tangled
Maze —

The "Why" and "How" of Human Des-
tiny.

XXXVIII

Ah, yes, I know my Rubaiyat full well,
Soul-soothing melodies that banish Hell
But leave us reft of Heaven, and the
Soul —

The very Soul affrighted at its spell!

A Southern Garden=====

XXXIX

Yet this I know — and rest my Trust upon —
The old World rolls beneath the kindly Sun,
And God is Love, and Heaven o'er our
heads,
And Conscience tells that Heaven must be
won.

XL

The Clay may rear its vain Philosophies,
Life cannot answer all Life's mysteries;
The angel Death, He "of the darker
drink,"
'Tis through His touch alone the Spirit sees.

XLI

What thoughtful Soul may view unmoved the
pain
Of Human hearts; the cruelty of Gain;
The Passion and the Pathos of a World
Where Innocence and Virtue plead in vain,—

XLII

And not discern a Refuge in the Sky
Whereto the outraged Souls of Men may
fly —
The Scales of God his Love and Wrath to
weigh —
With Retribution's flaming sword nearby?

XLIII

Thus much, old Omar, I'll not yield to
thee —
I will nor hail nor praise thy blasphemy;
I do protest — by Love's Immortal Soul
Protest — the Dust is not my Destiny!

XLIV

Rejoice O Soul! The Light that Sinai shed
To guide the Living, sanctify the Dead,
Is mingled with Salvation's beams diffused
From Calvary's crest where the Anointed
bled.

XLV

O Thou Great Spirit of Eternity!
That of the Starry Clay didst fashion me,
Gave me this Habitation, and this Robe
Of Flesh, to veil awhile thy Majesty —

XLVI

Let me no more lament, nor Duty shirk!
I am a Fragment of Thy Handiwork,
A piece that fits in Thine eternal Plan
Wherein unmeasured potency may lurk.

New Rubaiyat From

XLVII

Nay! tell me not in Discourse or in Song —
From Night and Chaos came the Joyous
 Throng
Of Life, and Light, and Loveliness, and all
These Earthly Kingdoms that to them be-
 long.

XLVIII

Ye worldly-Wise! The very Grass defies
Your Logic, and yon airy Songster cries
Unto its Love —“ 'Tis Lies! Believe it
not!
We hold Truth's mirror to their blinded
eyes! ”

XLIX

Nay! Not from Chaos or the barren Night
My Spirit rose, but with the Morning Light
It came, rejoicing in the Smile of God
Who winged it then for its Eternal flight.

A Southern Garden=====

L

Dare ye deny that unto Some was given
Answer to their prayers, when in some
Vision —

Born of a splendid moment's Ecstasy —
They glimpsed the Secret in a flash from
Heaven!

LI

Deem not because thou dost not see the Light
There is no Light; mayhap 'tis lack of sight,
Perchance thou treadest some dim tangled
track
From whence thou canst not read the Signs
aright.

LII

What petty things our Vision may obscure!
Because thou dost not see be not too sure
There's nought to see; thy biased point of
view
Or cecity, a step aside may cure:

LIII

Once from my garden path a Star I sought
And sought in vain, and stood in silent doubt;
One pace I moved, when Lo, the prospect
cleared —
There beamed the World a leaf had blotted
out!

A Southern Garden=====

LIV

Ye that with Rule and Line would measure
Him,
And with your Logic bind the Seraphim,
Whence came this wondrous Reason that
ye urge
To prove You Nothing, and Faith's light to
dim?

LV

If Man be Nothing and his Life a Dream,
His Reason then is Nothing, it must seem;
And Nothing, then, by Nothing thus de-
fined
Shows Nothing has but Nothing for its
theme!

LVI

If thus by Logic we may Nothing be,
Were it not well O Friend for You and Me
To leave old barren Reason to her way,
And rise with Faith to some Reality?

New Rubaiyat From

LVII

Amidst the Dust of this dim Shadow-Land,
Bound by the two Eternities I stand,
Myself unto Myself a Mystery,
Seeking all Secret things to understand.

LVIII

Like phantom Pilgrims through a Vale of
Fears,
We journey on with laughter or with tears,
Hope, Faith, and Memory, the only Lights
To guide our footsteps through the dark'ning
years.

LIX

Blest Sisterhood — Faith, Hope, and Memory!
Bright Trinity of Life — it is through Ye
We read the purpose of our Earthly way
And find the pathway to Felicity!

LX

Hope, Faith, and Charity, Genius, and Love!
May Chance or Reason these define or prove?
And wouldst thou bind to Dust with
Logic's chain
These Saintly Graces winged to soar Above!

LXI

Preach not to me of "Reason's crowning
light!"
'Tis but the reflex of that Deeper Sight
By Inspiration and Emotion given
To wing the Soul for its Divinelier flight.

LXII

Imagination is an Attribute
Of Soul; Ye that this Truth seek to confute,
And Fancy to the sullen Earth confine,
Give for her Realm a sorry substitute.

New Rubaiyat From

LXIII

O Death — dread Minister of Time and
Space!
Beyond these confines Thou no more shalt
trace
And claim thy subject Clay. Beyond the
Grave
Is Life Eternal by the Master's grace.

LXIV

O Life — upon yon myriad Worlds I see
Thy bright Light beating, full and far and
free,
Before which shrinks the awful Spectre,
back
To its one Refuge 'neath the fateful Tree —

LXV

Of Eden's grove, that Sorrow-haunted spot
Where Hell's accursed Trinity the Plot
Devised; perchance the self-same Garden
where
Old Omar sought the Truth — and found it
not.

LXVI

Let Science ridicule and Learning flout,
There IS some Dark Conspiracy about —
Whose utterings and mutterings assail
The Soul within, and work a Curse without!

LXVII

“Nature is God and all the Rest absurd”
Ye cry — “Seek There and you shall find
your Lord!”

Yet still Ye search in vain, and evermore
Come back with empty hands and idle word!

LXVIII

I sent my Soul 'mid Nature's shrines to seek
Some Answer, but the Dumb god could not
speak

Except to tell of Penalties and Pains,
Of cruel sport of Strong against the Weak.

LXIX

She gave no Sign my ardent Heart to swell,
In all her Book one passage could I spell —
No more,—“ Who worship Me their god
I am,
And unto them I am or Heaven or Hell.”

LXX

Nor yonder Sky, nor Earth from Pole to
Pole
Life's Mystery unveiled; nor Voice nor Goal
Was there; nor Sign nor Answer did I find;
The Silence heaped its vastness on my Soul!

LXXI

Then unto Him who works behind her Screen
I lifted up my voice — O Thou Serene
And Mighty One, raise me from Bondage
dire,
Grant me the Vision for the Things Unseen!

A Southern Garden=====

LXXII

I sent my Soul into the Night's Abyss,
Anon my Soul returned and whispered this —
“ The Darkness is but Shadow of the Clay,
Upon the screen of Life a Shade it is! ”

LXXIII

Keen in the Quest, on Hope's bright mission
bent,
Amid the Starry hosts my rapt' Soul went,
And this the Message, it brought back to
Earth —
Doubt is Within, Without all is Content!

LXXIV

Or where old Saturn rolls his Circled orb,
Or where the Pleiades in splendor throb,
The Universal Anthem ever told —
God is the Soul, Creation is His Robe!

LXXV

“Monstrous Conceit!” I cried, “that Man
should trust
And urge his Reason to the ‘Why’ and
‘Must,’

Deeming the Wisdom of the Universe
Confined upon his whirling Speck of Dust."

LXXVI

O Sophist — that with sullen Heart doth
flout
The Prophets, and the Prayers of the De-
vout

'Tis Thou perversely Blind that wilt not see
The Spirit-Light that sheds its beams with-
out.

LXXVII

May Reason measure all the Mighty Things
And portion them to petty Questionings?

Go Scorner first, and in thy Wisdom find
The Secret of the Bird that yonder sings!

O Nobler far, an Universe wherein
The Soul may soar forever questioning,
Forever mounting to the One True Light
That single burns through all the clouds of
Sin.

LXXIX

Though strange perplexities enwrap my Lot,
And weak my Vision to divine the Plot,

Thus much is clear — "Where Death is
I am Not,"
And clearer still — "Where I am Death is
Not."

LXXX

I lived Before, yet know not how, or where;
Dim intimations come, and Visions fair

Of purest Presences, and pleasant plains,
And halcyon joys in which I had a share:

LXXXI

Herein, methinks, "Reincarnation" holds
Clue to the Secret that nought else unfolds —

That Spirits pass and choose their heaven
or hells
Through myriad forms that mundane Nature
moulds.

A Southern Garden=====

LXXXII

Out of the Past we came — my Love and I,
Stamped with the seal of Immortality,
And ever purer, stronger, we shall grow;
For that which Ever Was will Never Die!

LXXXIII

Past, Present, Future — solemn Trinity,
Enfolds the measure of our Destiny!
Death is but passing through the Shadows
deep
That guard the secrets of Divinity.

LXXXIV

Out of the Past's Eternity we came,
In that Maternal bosom burned the Flame
Of Life, that burst at last to Conscious-
ness;
And She will not deny her offspring's claim.

LXXXV

Immortal there — I must Immortal be,
All of the mighty Past finds Life in me;
And not until they shall blot out what Was
Shall they deny me Immortality!

LXXXVI

With Christ and Plato thus I do confess
The Faith that holds the anodyne to Bless:
Eternal Life is mine by God's decree —
Here, Now, I feel the Infinite caress!

LXXXVII

Ere thou shalt name my Hope a phantasy,
Ere thou canst claim my Creed but ecstasy,
Ere thou durst vow no God to hear my
prayer
And this brief Life the sole Reality —

A Southern Garden=====

LXXXVIII

Search first the myriad Worlds in yon Abyss
And find no spot secure to Faith and Bliss,
And bringing back nor Hope nor ray of
Light,
Still would I cry —“ Here, in my Soul, IT
IS! ”

LXXXIX

From old Deceits and newer Heresies,
From dismal Doubts and brazen Blasphemies,
From impious Pedant and Philosopher
Distorting Truth with learned Sophistries —

XC

Good Lord deliver us! That we may view
But That which is Thine Own, and ever True;
And with confusion smite the God-less band
That bring pollution to the Shrine of You!

XCI

Disdainful Pedants — with your pride of
Mind —
That all Man's questionings to Logic bind,
What Tidings bring ye of the Outer Way?
And what avails it all when Dust-consigned!

New Rubaiyat From

xcv

This Heav'nly Hope deep in my Heart, it
tells
What all thy Dusty Logic vainly spells
Of Truth. Not purposeless and false
'twas set,
And not in vain within the Soul it dwells.

xcvi

I know but little, but this much I know —
That Death, which gathers all things here
below,
Is but a Means unto some viewless End;
By Nature's Law, and Faith, that much I
know!

xcvii

Indeed I have in raptured moments caught
Flashes of Truth by Reason vainly sought,
The momentary parting of the Veil
Revealed that which no Logic ever taught.

A Southern Garden=====

XCVIII

And in such instant did my Spirit seem
To catch a glimpse of the Eternal Scheme
Wherein the Past and Future merged in
One
Reality, and Earth was but a Dream!

XCIX

There, in the radiance of Cosmic Soul,
The Past and Future seemed a Perfect Whole
Wherein the Hosts departed and to Come
Their Being held beyond old Time's control.

C

And even as I gazed, from out that Sphere
A Spirit strayed, and straightway in the Snare
Of Time was caught, to languish and to
dream
Until the Master shall recall it There.

CI

Can all these wondrous Intimations be
But phantoms of a Poet's ecstasy?

Begone — dark Prophet! Thought is
creative,

Soul is the Ultimate Reality!

A Southern Garden=====

CII

For I remember once by Karnak's pile,
Amid the shadows of its columned Aisle,
I wept the waste to see, and wept for those
Who reared this sculptured Glory of the
Nile:

CIII

Afar a Figure seemed to beckon me —
A gentle goddess lost in Reverie
Of old Remembrances, her eyes adream
Seemed meditating on Eternity.

CIV

And through those eyes I saw the Pageant
 wend —
Kings upon Kings, and Pilgrims without end,
The Pomp and Power, and the Weal and
 Woe
Of countless Millions, in the prospect blend!

New Rubaiyat From

CV

I cried aloud — O thou Divinity!
Whence came that smile of sweet serenity
That beamed on Pharaoh as upon me
Now —
Did Mortal give thee Immortality?

CVI

Hast thou then gained what thy Designer
sought
In vain? A Soul! Which he divinely
wrought
To give thee immortality Below!
Did Genius fashion this and pass to Nought!

CVII

Is't all but Dreams and Dust, and Destiny
At random venture and wild revelry?
Locked in the Star-Dust when no Mind
there was,
Till Chance — the Wizard — found the fatal
Key!

A Southern Garden=====

CVIII

If Chance unto the Void Life's mandate flung,
Creation trembling on the Balance hung,
And in that Hazard there was cast my
Soul,
And there from Nothing my Existence
wrung!

CIX

If Fate be Chance and Destiny its Game,
And forth from Senseless Nothing leapt the
Flame
Of Life; — e'en so, Beloved, may not this
Chance
Repeat the Process, and thy Presence claim —

CX

Once more, in some New Universe To Be
That waits its sure and wondrous Destiny,
Where Time and Chance shall set the
Scene again
And to the Drama summon You and Me.

CXI

And thus may every Combination set
Be set again, in the Eternal fret
And moil of Matter in Infinity!
Once caught, why not again — in Chance's
net?

A Southern Garden=====

CXII

They say Old Time both Thee and Me will
sweep
Into Oblivion's abyss — dark and deep —
To everlasting Bondage! Sorry jest —
While one lone Star its Vigil still shall keep!

CXIII

Behold the Stars! And in their Glory drown
Doubt and Despair, and all the Brood that
frown
On Faith; let Exultation rise supreme
And read a Promise not to Logic known.

CXIV

I sometimes think these Stars above my head
Are blest Abodes of the unnumbered Dead
That wend their Heav'nward way from
Sphere to Sphere,
And find in each a Paradise to tread.

CXV

Yon mystic Moon the Secret might disclose,
Perchance doth signal down her beams —
who knows?

I dreamed she was a Pilgrim resting-place
Where erstwhile Earthly Guests take brief
repose

CXVI

On their long Journey. Be this then the Spell
That moves in us the thoughts tongue may
not tell?

Is it that loved Friends send Peace mes-
sages
From yon fair Moon — our Mutiny to quell?

CXVII

These myriad Worlds, so wondrous to the
view,
May not One hold to our sad Search the
clue?

May not there be in this Immensity
Some Garden where Earth's fairest Dreams
come True?

CXVIII

Would'st thou then find thy lost Love — seek
her There;
Mayhap thou'lt meet her waiting for thee,
where
Some statelier Sun illumes a nobler World
Of Beings radiant and surpassing fair.

CXIX

And though no Door responds to Reason's
key,
Who is it dares to say what "Cannot Be,"
Or swears a single Hope impossible
In the vast Chances of Eternity!

CXX

This Universe — this One stupendous Whole
Of mighty Systems that in splendor roll,
 Who dare deny in all this Heav'nly space
One little Spot of Refuge for the Soul!

CXXI

For it is bound to us — yon Milky Way,
By Cosmic Law and kinship of the Clay;
 He that apportioned It of Life and Light
Will not consign my Being to decay.

CXXII

And He that set this mighty Arch of Light,
And winged its Systems for harmonious flight,
 And sempiternal placed each Atom
 there —
Will not consign my Soul to endless Night.

Where has old Omar gone — dost thou in-
quire?

List then the chorus of the Cosmic Choir —

The roar of Suns, the melody of Moons,—
That fills the Pathway to his Heart's Desire!

New Rubaiyat From

CXXIV

Life's meaning! Hast thou not read it —
why then
Thou hast not lived! These multitudes of
Men
That went Before, they left the Record
clear —
That Clay is of the Earth, the Soul of
Heav'n.

CXXV

They Came and Went; veiled in the Flesh
they came,
Their Bodies of the Dust were made; that
same
Dumb Dust, that Starry, Deathless Dust,
not less
Than when they gave it meaning and a Name.

CXXVI

And if on Dust thou callest to explain,
Methinks the Dust might give the Answer
plain —
“ I am nor more nor less than what I am,
As Spirit finds and leaves me I remain.”

CXXVII

Man's Prayers, and Miracles, You do de-
cry —

“ For in the face of Nature's Laws they fly ! ”

Yet dare you say the Maker of the Law
May not His Law suspend? Then tell me
why?

CXXVIII

“ Nature is just,” you vow, “ Her Scales are
fair,

Her balance gives to This or That its share,

And with undeviating Equity

Rules Sea and dew-drop, mote and Starry
sphere.”

CXXIX

Ah! but her Scales were not for Souls de-
signed

But for Her own — Her Matter dumb and
blind; —

Her Laws, unless by Deity devised
Mock at the Soul and flout the ardent Mind!

CXXX

No Hell, they cry, " save what exists in fear."
Be still my Heart, the Secret draweth near!
Find them a Hell they'll grant to us a
Heaven;
Behold O Doubter, Lo — thy Hell is Here!

CXXXI

" A Myth," ye say, " our happiness to quell,
We ask no Heaven and we fear no Hell! "
Yet shall You not escape, for IT is HERE!
And 'ere thou goest thou shalt know it well.

CXXXII

Scan the dark Record that the Ages yield
Of Pride, and Lust, and sanguinary field;
Of Martyrdom, and Torture, and Despair,
And gaping Wounds that Time has never
healed.

A Southern Garden=====

CXXXIII

O Earth — Step-Mother of the harsh con-
trol!
Remorseless takest thou thy grievous Toll
Of Tears and Travail for the meagre fare
Thou givest thine adopted Child — the Soul.

CXXXIV

Merciless Mother of the Flood and Flame!
What anguished Multitudes have cursed thy
Name,
As seared and crushed by thy relentless
hand
They felt thy Rage — that knows nor truce
nor shame;

CXXXV

See! In thy bosom Nero — there at rest
Amid his victims, and thine equal guest!
There lie they all — or Monster or a Saint,
Adream in dusty Peace; O dreadful Jest!

CXXXVI

O cold and bitter Step-Mother! We sue
That Higher Court above thy Vault of Blue!
From thy Blind judgment we appeal our
Case
And plead the Court of Souls for its review.

CXXXVII

Yet not unmindful of thy Favors shown
Is he who pens the Writ, for he hath known
Thy Joys. Yet not for thy Vast cruelty
May all thy Glories and thy Gifts atone.

CXXXVIII

Dark is the Record in thy Bosom pent
O Earth! Much didst thou promise of Con-
tent,
But Dust was all thou gavest in the End —
Dust for the Vile, Dust for the Innocent!

CXXXIX

Me and my Love, yon Bird upon the bough,
Between thy Stony heart and Starry brow

To Dust thou'lt grind Us, as thou grindest
all!

We know thy Treachery, alas — we Know!

CXL

Yet there be Two thy grinding may not wear,
For Sleep and Death are ever Young and
Fair,

The Healer and Restorer of thy work
Formed of no Flesh thy cruel fangs may tear.

CXLI

Soft Flesh! poor Servant of this Soul of mine,
Born of the Earth yet more than half Divine,

Prey of relentless Powers — fanged and
clawed —

That ambush and conspire with harsh design;

CXLII

Fashioned so frail yet fast in fell control
Of crushing Forces that exact their Toll;
 Ill-shod to mount the adamantⁱne Heights
That bar the Spⁱrit's vision of its Goal.

A Southern Garden=====

CXLIII

Upon Life's Mount we stand, yet still they
rise —
The Hills of Hope that tower to the Skies,
And though their Summits here we may
not see,
We shall behold them with Immortal eyes!

CXLIV

Blest Thanatos — Restorer of the Soul,
Not over Thee Time's Juggernaut doth roll!
Like to thy sister Sleep — thy Ministry
Is all Divine, and not of Time's control.

CXLV

These bonds of Flesh that bind thee here be-
low,
They shall be sundered, that thy Soul may
grow
Unto that compass by its God designed;
And not till then shalt thou the Secret know.

CXLVI

What is Man's Wisdom 'mid these Mysteries
Of Causes bent to unknown Purposes?

Some Rules and Tables scratched upon a
Leaf
Of Time, flung on a Ball of Dirt — it is!

CXLVII

A little Knowledge gathered by his Tribe
For boastful Argument or Diatribe,

An Infant's babble of its treasured toys —
Flaunted with pompous mien by Fool or
Scribe.

CXLVIII

What is it all but the moil of a Mite
'Mid Mountains to move? And what is the
Sight

Of a Worm of the Ground that gazes
around
And sees not the Day — and knows but the
Night?

CXLIX

This Clay, this Dust, this Matter dumb and
blind —
'Tis the Soul's dream, the pageantry of Mind!
Else were it Cause and Consequence — the
same,
A Frankenstein self-shaped and self-designed!

CL

Why! if this Matter be thus marvelous,
And potent to beget this ALL of us —
Then surely there's no limit to its gift
And I shall claim of It a Soul for us!

CLI

TO-DAY and YESTERDAY mark Time's
decay
Whereof the Soul knows not; THAT is
always
Nor more nor less than what it Was and
Is;
TO-MORROW is but part of Its TO-DAY.

CLII

For if Man hath no Soul what then is He
More than his corpse? O solemn Mystery!

All that was There before it Here remains;
And what then was that Conscious Entity?

CLIII

Ask not the Winds that o'er the Meadows
pass,
Ask not the Rain, the Sunshine, or the Grass,
These heed no Question and no Answer
give;
Your Earth is iron and your Sky is brass!

CLIV

This marble Image prone — this lifeless
Clay —
Whither the Tenant that has passed away?
The Soul that beamed from out those glassy
eyes —
'Tis clear That has no share in this decay:

CLV

Two-fold was this Being; give Earth its own,
But claim not for the Dust that Spirit flown,
For IT has fled to sweep with tireless wing
The Morning Skies that circle Heaven's
Throne.

CLVI

If Past and Future, Now, is Nought,— you
say —
Than He that passed but this late Hour away,
Not less than one Unborn is He, not more
Than Him lost in a Thousand Years' decay!

CLVII

But if you still persist they Both are Nought,
Then is your Wisdom bare, and dearly
bought,
For if your All be Now — a Moment's
span —
Vain is the knowledge by your cunning
caught:

New Rubaiyat From

CLVIII

Take Nought from Nothing — what will
there remain?

Add Nought to Nothing — what is then your
gain?

Recount, divide or multiply your Sum —
The task in Nothing ends; 'tis all in vain!

CLIX

For HAS BEEN minus NEVER plus TO
BE

Totals your NOW, itself illusory;

A grim Phantasmagoria of Time
That sums the measure of absurdity.

CLX

Nor deem because by Logic's aid I press
The Argument, its force is then the less,

Tell first what prompted Reason to the task
Ere ye pronounce my Creed an empty guess.

CLXI

But should Annihilation end the View,
What is there then — forsooth — for Me to
rue?

Nor shall your after Mockery offend —
But how with You if all of It be True!

CLXII

Nor will I seek in Wine false strength to
brave
My fate, playing the part of fool or knave;
I shall go clean and clear-eyed to the
end —
I shall go chaste and sober to my Grave.

CLXIII

Some for a Paradise on earth contend,
And some there are who will no credit lend
To earthly Paradise, or Heav'n, or Hell,
And stumble blindly to their hopeless end.

CLXIV

O Scorners — make the most of thy short stay,
The Ground is gaping for its kindred Clay!
Let Faith and Hope and Charity be Ours,
The glorious Hazard, THAT is Mine To-
day!

CLXV

Thus am I better fortified to strive
Than You with all that Logic can contrive,
All that is yours I have, with More, to give
Me strength in Death, and larger Hope in
Life.

CLXVI

What doth your Learning and its quest reveal
Of Fate's grim Mystery of Woe and Weal?

The Heart's devotion sheds a clearer
Light!

'Tis well to Know, but better still to Feel.

CLXVII

The Heart moves on when Sense is lost in
Sleep,

Oft leaps exultant where the Mind must
creep —

Oft beats in protest at sad Reason's doubts;
Firmer the Bridge it casts athwart the Deep.

CLXVIII

Let Faith and Hope their sacred Signs invent!
I'd rather yield them all my Soul's assent

Than hold that monstrous creed — a God-
less world

And Human creatures on no Mission bent.

CLXIX

Ye of the cursed creed of " Might is Right,"
Ye may too late discern that " Right is
Might,"

Finding Hell's legions stronger than thine
own,
And Angels mightier still with Virtue's
might.

CLXX

With " Might is Right " your impious battle-
cry
Ye press and smite, and God and man defy;
So may ye learn the blasting might of Hell,
And power of Heav'n, that creed to satisfy!

CLXXI

There is below no Monster more accurst
Than thou — that canst from hunger cold
and thirst
Withhold the coin that might the pang as-
suage,
And live the best while smiling on the worst.

A Southern Garden=====

CLXXII

O thou that gatherest the Golden hoard
By brutal might, by trickery or fraud,
What wilt thou purchase with thy riches,
Friend?
In what Eternal Bank is it all stored?

CLXXIII

Think you to revel at the Feast of Life
Unmindful of the want and anguish rife
Without thy gates, nor pay the Reckon-
ing —
Nor bear thy portion in the grievous strife!

CLXXIV

Ah — yours the cursed heart that can deny
The widow's portion or the orphan's cry —
Decline a pittance to a dire distress
And look on Sorrow with a steely eye!

CLXXV

Feast well thy Gluttony at board and mart,
For thou ere long will of the Dust be part,
And Earth will lighten and Hell groan
with joy
When Death shall frown and still thy Miser
heart.

CLXXVI

This Worldly Trust you set your soul upon —
It shall breed reptile Horrors, and anon,
The Harvest you shall gather will be
swarms
To fang Death's barb, when Life's brief day
is done!

CLXXVII

For me — I give my mite, and giving, grieve
My poverty, that has not more to give;
Holding no privilege more blest than that
Which can a fellow-creature's need relieve.

CLXXVIII

For Love, and Mercy, Rapture, Charity,
Are tokens of the Soul's Divinity,

Above the Mind's analysis they stand —
Beacons of Faith and Immortality!

CLXXIX

But if in moments of despair and trial
You cannot with God's Mercy reconcile —

The Tragedies and Horrors of the Earth
That seem to banish Providence, the while;

CLXXX

So that thy Heart is torn, thy Soul dismayed
At the grim pageantry of Sin arrayed —

The monstrous Mournfulness of all the
Past
With its red Record, and old Debts unpaid;

CLXXXI

At Virtue crushed and Vice victorious,
At Blasphemers about, contemptuous
Of all the Sacred Promises and Hopes,
Who mocking, swear the Grave takes All of
us.

CLXXXII

Peace to thy Soul! It is not thine affair,
Thee and thy Conscience, these thine only
care;
Art Thou to Judge and settle for the
World?
Nay! Each in time will answer—Here or
There.

CLXXXIII

'Tis not for Thee to portion Praise or Blame,
To measure Justice, or dispute the Claim;
Thou knowest not which way that Pilgrim
went,
Thou knowest not which way this Pilgrim
came!

A Southern Garden=====

CLXXXIV

What is the Sum to thee? Canst thou not
see

That all the Sorrow and the Misery
Of these vast Multitudes beneath the
Moon —

It is not more than thine own Doom — to
thee.

CLXXXV

The Joy and Sorrow of a single Soul
That makes the Pilgrimage and pays the
Toll —

It is nor more nor less than All Of It,
The Tragedy of One sums up the Whole.

CLXXXVI

Grant me, O Lord, but strength mine own to
bear,
Give me the Faith that will not brook
Despair,

Look down in Mercy on my frailties,
My sins forgive, and take my dying Prayer.

CLXXXVII

Thou Great Physician heal me! that I may
Be strong in Trust to live my little day;
That I may tread — though all the World
may mock —
Firm in the Faith on thy appointed Way.

CLXXXVIII

For Thou dost Live and Reign! I read the
Sign
Writ clear o'er All in characters Divine;
In the deep pathos of our Earthly quest,
Or in the Stars that with Thy Glory shine —

CLXXXIX

I know the Truth! Yet was it still more
clear
In blest Compassion's glance, and Pity's tear;
In the Soul-eloquence of Virtue's voice
And in her mien when Death was drawing
near.

A Southern Garden=====

CXC

Aye! On sweet Human faces have I read —
God lives in Souls by Saintly purpose led,
I've seen the Light reflected from Above
Upon the face of such when Life had fled.

CXCI

I've read it in a Mother's soft caress,
In Love's bright eye a gleam with tenderness,
And in the smile that marks the Infant's
dream,
And in the Faith that noble Souls profess.

CXCII

By those that with Unrighteousness contend
And stand undaunted Virtue to defend,
By Angel heart in Human form en-
shrined —
I know the Soul shall unto Him ascend.

By those that from on High their Wisdom
draw
And humbly bend their Maker to adore,
By all these Things I read the mighty
Truth —
God Lives and Reigns, Here, Now, and
Evermore!

A Southern Garden=====

CXCIV

No more with Doubt beset therefore lament
Thy lot, nor rage with impious discontent;
Suffice the Master knows, and of His Plan
Thou art a Part, and to His Purpose bent.

CXCV

The Seas may rise, the Earthquake thunders
roll,
Old Earth be drowned, or rent from pole to
pole,
And dreadful Darkness blot Creation's
face —
Yet through that Darkness One shall lead my
Soul!

CXCVI

“No lingering Ages of decrepitude
With euthenasia for Earth's Evil brood,”
But He shall come in Majesty and Wrath
To sift the Souls of Men and crush Hell's
feud!

CXCVII

“ His Hand Omnipotent shall rend the Clay
And push the Elements aside, that they
No more shall stand between his Face and
those
Whom He shall come to Judge — on that
Last Day! ”

CXCVIII

But if You still deride the pious Plan
And hold the worship for Mankind is
“ Man,”
Yet would I point to Christ upon the
Mount —
Holding Him peerless since the World began.

CXCIX

Let Pedants urge their Logic to explain
That Jesus and the Prophets lived in vain;
Show first my Soul a kinder Creed than this
Which bursts the Grave and cleanses from all
stain.

CC

It matters not that Mockers may decry,
And worldly-Wise the Miracle deny!

The Creed of Christ by noblest Souls pro-
fessed
Is Man's supreme Appeal to God on High.

CCI

If for some Purpose 'twas by God decreed
That for His seeking Man should make a
Creed,

Then He'll fulfill the Hope by Man pro-
posed
When on His Son they called their Souls to
lead.

CCII

Yet many strut in garbs of holiness
Who scorn Christ's Virgin birth, and hold
him less

Than the Messiah sent! How fares it
then
With lesser Miracles they still confess?

CCIII

By that same token stand they not forlorn —
Their pious Preachments all to tatters torn?
Of what avail to Us their screeds and
creeds
If Christ lived all in vain and died forsworn?

CCIV

For what were Life if that One Faith be
vain?
A dying Flower on a Desert plain —
A vast Negation 'neath a Soulless Sky —
A dream of Heaven none may hope to gain.

CCV

But 'tis the Miracle they cannot brook!
Yet Miracles there be where'er we look —
This Life, Man's Quest, the Secret, are not
these
All Miracles writ large in Nature's book?

A Southern Garden

CCVI

“ A Legend and a Myth, man-made,” ye cry ;
Show me a better then to satisfy

The Soul's Desire! And if there be a God
In any Heaven, this Myth He'll justify!

CCVII

Though other Creeds have held some share
of Truth,
Yet have they died. This wears Immortal
youth,

Summing them all — the Fountain of all
Good,
 Holding alike all Men in Heaven's Ruth.

CCVIII

Their Voice is stilled, their Pride lives but in
 Stone,
 Their Shrines are shattered, and their Tem-
 ples prone,

New Rubaiyat From

The old Moon mourns their Glory, and the
Wind
Wails through the Wreckage on the Desert
strown.

CCIX

Christ lived and died! And God will justify
The Witnesses that stand to testify
To the Messiah's Mission and His Truth!
Man's holiest Hope the Lord will not deny.

CCX

Not mine the Faith that founders on the
shoal
Where murky waters o'er mud marshes roll;
My Bark is headed for the surging Sea,
Its prow is pointed to a Starry Goal!

CCXI

And when at last I near Death's sombre Vale,
My Prayer shall be to Him who will not fail
My need. So will I front the mortal Dart
With level glance that will nor dare nor quail.

New Rubaiyat From

CCXV

Dust unto Dust! yet blessed 'tis to know —
That with Earth's best and noblest we shall
go;
Saint, Sage and Beauty, dreaming of the
Dawn
And God's awak'ning touch upon their brow.

CCXVI

God with them All! My homage here I
pay
Unto Earth's sacred Genius passed away;
And with Love's Greetings hail the Starry
band
That shall come After to adorn Life's day.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 394 486 1

